CANZONI

T. A. DALY

PS 3507 .A47 C2 1914
Daly, Thomas Augustine, 1871-1948.
Canzoni

CANZONI.

JEWELRY

CANZONI

BY

T. A. DALY

PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

Eleventh Thousand, November, 1914

PHILADELPHIA
DAVID McKAY, Publisher
604-08 S. Washington Square

Copyright, 1906 by T. A. DALY.

First Edition, October 1906.
Second Edition, November 1906.
Third Edition, February 1907.
Fourth Edition, August 1907.
Fifth Edition, August 1908.
Sixth Edition, June 1909.
Seventh Edition, June 1910.
Eighth Edition, April 1911.
Ninth Edition, April 1912.
Tenth Edition, April 1913.
Eleventh Edition, November 1914.

To My Wife
and
Children.

CONTENTS.

Da Comica Man	13
Good Morning	15
Carlotta's Indecision	17
Ballade to the Women	19
Mia Carlotta	21
In the August Night	24
The Song of the Thrush	26
Da Blue Devil	28
Father O'Shea and Father M'Crea	30
Padre Angelo	33
Hearts Apart	37
Ballade of Those Present	38
Leetla Humpy Jeem	40
If You Were a Boy	42
Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan	45
A New Patriot	47
House and Home	49
Dolce Far Niente	51
A Dixie Lullaby	52
Da Greata Stronga Man	54

To a Wee Coquette 56
The Ouches 57
Between Two Loves 58
Father Dan O'Malley 61
Content 64
W'at'sa Use? 65
Kiss Her 66
Dear Unselfish Dan 68
Her Answer 70
Kitty's Graduation 71
An Italian King 76
Da Pritta Lady 77
A Frosty Morning 79
To the Growler 81
Deesa Greata Holiday 82
The National Encampment 84
At Castle Garden 85
Da Besta Frand 89
The Wisdom of the Sparrows 92
The Modest Colleen 94
The Old Parishioner 96
Leetla Giorgio Washeenton 98
Ballade of Modest Heroes 101
The Building Inspector 103
The Irish Bachelor 105
To a Plain Sweetheart 107
The Conquest of the North 108

A Book Not "Givable" 110
Da Musica Man 113
The Moderate Drinker 114
Da 'Mericana Girl 116
Faint Heart 118
Da Leetla Boy 119
Ballade of Family Names 122
Da Styleesha Lady 124
Almost 126
Carey, the Kill-Joy 128
A Lesson in Politics 130
Mistletoe and Holly 132
The Irish National Bird 133
Handicapped 134
Ballade of the Poor Tourist 136
The Fighting Race 138
Padre Domineec 139
A Fancy Nicotian 141
Un Lazzarone 144
Bedfellows 146
Those Dirty Little Fingers 148
Da Younga 'Merican 151
Night in Bachelor's Hall 153
The Indomitable Celt 155
Da Family Man 156
Da Fightin' Irishman 157
The Wedding Guest 159

THE SPOILED CHILD 161
DA STYLEESHA WIFE 163
THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME 164
TO THE ATHEIST 165
AT HOME 167
TO AN OLD LOVER 168
TREASURE TROVE 170
THE LITTLE BOY 171
A SONG TO ONE 172

DA COMICA MAN.

Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!
By tweestin' hees face an' by weenkin' hees eye
He maka you laugh teell you theenk you weell die.
He don't gotta say som'theeng; all he ees do
Ees maka da face an', how moocha you try,
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin' at you—
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

I deeg een da tranch weeth Giacobbe wan day;
Giacobbe ees toss up da spadefulla clay,
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da way!
Da boss he ees look at Giacobbe an' swear
So bad as he can, but Giacobbe, so sly,
He maka pretand he no see he was dere—
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta for go,
Giacobbe look up an' he mak' da face—So!
I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa—Ho! ho!
Da boss he com' back an' he poncha my head,
He smasha my nose an' he blacka my eye—
I no can help laugh eef I gona be dead.
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

The King's Library

GOOD MORNING.

Day dawns, and bids the blushing sky
"Good morning!"
The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:
"Good morning!"
And nearer home, beneath the eaves,
The gnarled old maple's tender leaves
That shivered in the midnight rain,
Now whisper at my window-pane:
"Good morning!"
The genial sun peeps o'er the hill
And laughs across my window sill.
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—
This is the King himself who bids
"Good morning!"

I rise and ope the window wide.
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride
Straight through the breach in merry rout,
And scale the walls and fairly shout:
"Good morning!"

They make me captive to the King,
They pluck at me and bid me sing
Their paean to the Golden Day,
Whose conquering slogan is their gay
"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,
They clutch the singing birds in air,
On all the world their music beats
Until the captive world repeats:
"Good morning!"
Heart calls to heart. The surly wight,
Who scorned his neighbor yesternight,
With smiling visage stops to greet
That neighbor in the busy street:
"Good morning!"

O! joyous day! O! smile of God,
To hearten all who toil and plod;
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!
We hug our golden chains and sing:
"Good morning!"

CARLOTTA'S INDECISION.

I WOULD lika mooch to know
Why Carlotta treat me so.
Evra time I ask eef she
Ees gon' marry weetha me,
First she smila, den she frown,
Den she look me up an' down,
Den she shak' her head an' say:
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

Once w'en we are out for walk
An' I am begin to talk,
She say: "Don'ta speak no more.
O! com', see dees jew'ler store.
My! jus' look dat di'mon' reeng!
Eet ees justa sweetes' theeng!
Only seexa-feefty, see?"

Dat's da way she teasa me,
Findin' theengs for talka 'bout
Jus' for mak' me shut my mout'.
Bimeby w'en she turn for go
I say: "Com', I musta know—"
"O!" she stamp her foot an' say:
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

I would lika mooch to know
Why Carlotta treat me so.
W'ata for she always say:
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day"?

BALLADE TO THE WOMEN.

The poets, extolling the graces
  Of sweet femininity, pay
Particular court, in most cases,
  To Phyllis or Phoebe or Fay.
  "A toast to the ladies!" they say—
As "ladies" they always address them—
  And bid us bow down to them. Nay!
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

Though light-o'-loves, frail as the laces
  And satins in which they array
The charms of their forms and their faces,
  Are "ladies" for their little day,
  The feet of such idols are clay.
Our wives, when we come to possess them,
  Must loom to us larger than they.
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

Sweet creatures who make the home-places
As cheerful and bright as they may,
Whose feminine beauty embraces
A heart to illumine the way,
Though skies may be ever so gray;
Good mothers, whose children caress them
And hail them as chums at their play—
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

ENVOY.

O! Queen, teach the "ladies," we pray,
Whenever vain notions oppress them,
Though idly their charms we survey,
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

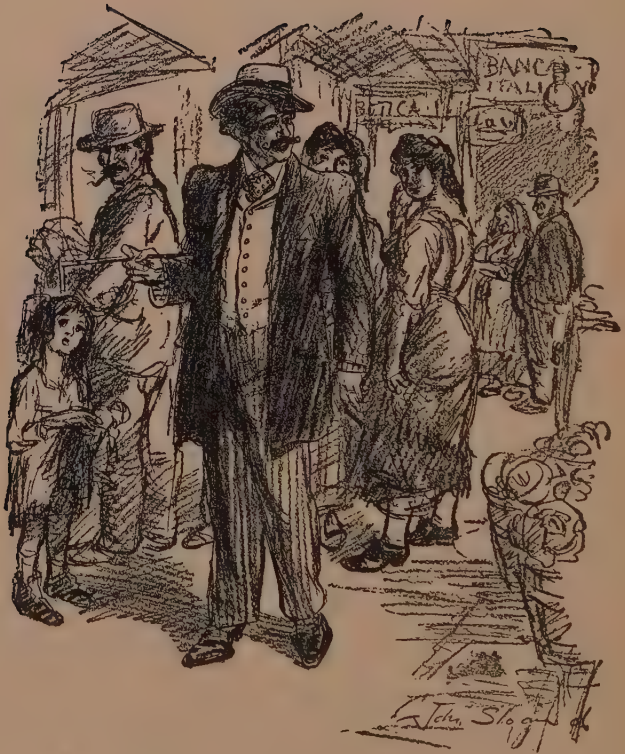
MIA CARLOTTA.

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
O! many da heart of da seelly young girls
He gotta.
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.


BANCA
ITALI
BANCA
John Sloan

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da "mash,"
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta.
I gotta!

IN THE AUGUST NIGHT.

The day is done, with all the heat
That swathed the swooning city.
The dusk that falls so cool and sweet
Is doubly sweet with pity.

To those the blazing sun oppressed,
What time he played the hector,
The night-wind comes from out the west,
A Hebe bearing nectar.

Impartially she gives to all
A blessed draught ecstatic;
The ennuyé in pleasure's hall,
The sick child in the attic.

She seeks the squalid haunts of sin,
With gentle self-abasement,
She steals with inspiration in
The poet's open casement.

I watch the pensive poet there,
  Beside his window dreaming.
To him the night, so calm and fair,
  With rhapsodies is teeming.

Up through the fields of twinkling spheres
  His raptured soul is winging,
And in his fancy's flight he hears
  The very heavens singing.

Sing, poet! Sing the night-wind's song,
  And weave your fancies through it;
Some heart, world-weary, in the throng
  Will beat responsive to it.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

Ah! the May was grand this mornin'!
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed their kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the Spring was runnin' riot,
An' the birds of free America were singin' in the trees?
In the songs that they were singin'
No familiar note was ringin',
But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled like a lad.
O! my heart was warm to love them
For the very newness of them—
For the ould songs that they helped me to forget—an' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
To my hungry heart's desire,
An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy my own,
Till a new note sounded, stillin'
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!
Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about Athlone!

Where, upon the whitethorn swayin',
He was minstrel of the Mayin',
In my days of love an' laughter that the years have laid at rest;
Here again his notes were ringin'!
But I'd lost the heart for singin'—
Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I knew the best.

DA BLUE DEVIL.

Som'time w'en I no feela good
An' beezaness ees flat,
I gat so blue I weesh I could
Be justa dog or cat.
W'en evratheeng ees gona wrong
An' I mus' feex eet right,
I gat deesgust' for work so long
An' theenk would be delight
For be a leetla cat, baycause
Da only work she do
Ees wash her face an' leeck her paws,
An' after dat she through.
Eef you be dog you jus' can go
For sleepin' een da sun,
An' you don't gat a wife, you know,
For aska you for mon'.
Eet's mak' no odds how you behave
Eef you are animal;
You don't gat any soul to save,
An' when you die, dat's all!

O! my, how easy kind of life
For justa nevva mind,
To run away an' leave your wife
An' evratheeng bayhind!

Dees ees da way I feela w'en,
I'm blue, but, alla same,
W'en I am feel all right agen
Eet mak'sa me ashame'.
W'en devil gat eenside o' me
For mak' me feel like dat,
I guess I would not even be
A decen' dog or cat.

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER McCREA.

Ye might search the world's ends,
But ye'd find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.
Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
An' O! such a volley o' fun they were pokin',
The wan at the other, as good as a play,
Wid their ready replies an' their innocint jokin',
When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea.

Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to pass
Good Father McCrea
Preached a very fine sermon an' then, afther Mass,
Met Father O'Shea.
"'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent
Ye delivered this minute.
For the season o' fastin' 'twas very well meant—
I could find no meat in it!"
Said Father O'Shea.

Then, quick as the laughther that gleamed in his eye,
Good Father McCrea
Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply
To Father O'Shea.
"Faith, I'il have to be workin' a miracle next,
To comply wid your wishes,
Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the text
Was 'the loaves an' the fishes'?"
Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
Though ye'd search the world's ends
Ye would find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

5¢
2¢

PADRE ANGELO.

Padre Angelo he say:
"Why you no gat married, eh?
You are maka playnta mon'
For gon' taka wife, my son."
"No; I am too beeza man
'Tandin' dees peanutta stan'.
I no gatta time for play
Fooleeshness weeth girls," I say.
"My! you don'ta tal me so?"
Ees say Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, mebbe two, t'ree day,
Younga girl she com' an' say:
"Padre Angelo ees here?
No? Eet eesa vera queer!
Heesa housakeepa say

I gon' find heem deesa way."
While she eesa speaka so
Ees com' Padre Angelo.
"Rosa! you are look for me?"
He ees say to her, an' she
Say: "O! please, go homa, queeck,
You are want' for som' wan seeck.
I am sand for find you here."
"Ah! da seecka-call, my dear.
Com'," say Padre Angelo,
"Deesa younga man ees Joe;
Shaka han's bayfore we go.'
So I am shak' han's weeth her—
Leetla han' so sof' like fur—
Den she bow to me an' go
Weetha Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, s'pose two, t'ree day more,
She ees com' jus' like bayfore,
An' she aska me: "You know
Where ees Padre Angelo?
Housakeep' she tal me wait
Eef he don't be vera late."
So I tal her taka seat
An' to hav' som' fruit for eat.
Den I talk to her an' she
Smila sweet an' talk to me;

How long time I do not know.
Den com' Padre Angelo.
"O!" she say, "go homa queeck,
You are want' for som' wan seeck."
"My!" he say, "dees seecka-call!
I am gat no peace at all.
O! well, com', my dear," he say,
An' he takin' her away.
I am sad for see her go
Weetha Padre Angelo.

Many times ees lika dat.
Peopla always seem for gat
Seecka when he ees away.
Rosa com' mos' evra day,
An' som' time she gatta stay
Pretta longa time, you know,
Teell com' Padre Angelo.
Steell I no gat any keeck
How mooch peopla gatta seeck;
I am feela glad dey do—
Rosa, she no keeckin', too.

Lasta night my Rosa she
Go to Padre weetha me,
An' I tal heem: "Pretta soon—
Mebbe so da firsta June—

Rosa gona be my wife!"
He ees s'prise', you bat my life!
"W'at?" he say, an' rub hees eyes,

"Dees ees soocha glada s'prise!
My! you don'ta tal me so?"
Ees say Padre Angelo.

HEARTS APART.

To count the days until we twain
May read each other's eyes again,
  And dwell once more in Arcady,
  Is all my joy away from thee—
Is all my joy and all my pain.

When leaden-footed minutes wane
To hours that burden heart and brain,
  'Twere but a useless agony
      To count the days,
Did thy most gracious heart not deign
To bid my own heart entertain
  The hope of better things to be;
  Did I not know thy constancy
And that, until we meet again,
      Two count the days.

BALLADE OF THOSE PRESENT.

To the papers whose trade is supplying
The news in a gossipy way,
All the workaday world should be hieing,
Its compliments grateful to pay.
How kind to the public are they
When they publish our names in their pleasant
Descriptions of ball or soirée
As "among the most prominent present!"

When we sit at the banquet board, trying
To tickle our palates blasé,
Comes a thought that is more gratifying
Than all the Lucullan array;
More sweet than the sherry's bouquet,
Or the flavor of succulent pheasant—
The thought of appearing next day
As "among the most prominent present."

Since the common folk simply are dying
To know what we do or we say,
It were really a shame our denying
To them all the pleasure we may.
Then the news let the papers convey
To the shopman, mechanic and peasant,
Noting *us* at the dance or the play
As "among the most prominent present."

ENVOY.

St. Peter, receive us, we pray,
When we've done with this world evanescent,
Assigning us places for aye
As "among the most prominent present."

LEETLA HUMPY JEEM.

Da 'Merican boys eesa vera bad lot,
Dey steala peanutta, banan',
An' evratheeng gooda for eatin' I got,
An' mak' all da troubla dey can.
I gotta be keepin' awak' weeth both eye
An' watch alla time for a treeck,
An' gotta be queecka for runnin' an' try
To spanka deir pants weetha steeck.
Ees wan o' dees boys dat ees call "Humpy Jeem,"
An' justa wors' wan in da pack,
But how am I gona gat mada weeth heem?
He gotta da hump on da back.

Ees only a poor leetla keed an' so weak,
An' I am so beeg an' so strong,
I no can gat mad an' I not even speak
For tal heem how moocha ees wrong.

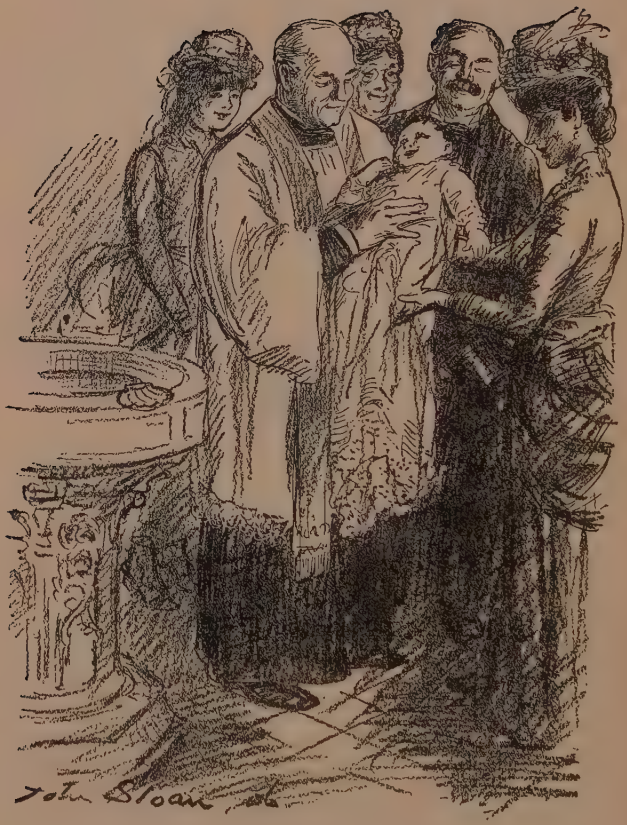
Eet maka heem laugha baycause eet ees fun
For reach weeth hees theen leetla han'
An' grabbin' a coupla peanutta an' run
So fas' as hees skeenny legs can.
So always I maka pretand I no see
How moocha peanutta he tak'.
I guess I would like som' wan do dat for me
Eef I gotta liump on da back.

Da beeg Irish cop ees say: "Poor leetla Jeem!
Ees better for heem if he croke."
I tal you eef som'theeng no happen to heem
I guess pretta soon I be broke.
I no like to theenkin' bad luck, but O! my!
I weeshin' for evra one's sak'
Dey soon gat an angela up in da sky
Dat gotta da hump on da back.

IF YOU WERE A BOY.

If you were a boy this morning,
I wonder what you would do?
Was ever a day more perfect,
Was ever the sky more blue?
I'm speaking to you, grave senior.
I noticed you as you went,
Hot-footing it into the city,
To add to your cent. per cent.
I noticed your sober manner,
Your very important looks,
And I noticed your boy beside you,
The schoolboy with his books.
I saw—and you saw—where the river
Sweeps down to the "swimmin'-hole,"
Another boy playing "hookey"—
A boy with a fishing-pole.

If you were a boy this morning,
  I wonder what you would do?
I saw you stooping to whisper
  A word to the boy with you.
It seemed to me then you told him
  That the truant boy was a fool,
That nothing ripens manhood
  Like the moments spent in school.
With the fresh blue sky above you
  And the green fields under it,
How dare you utter such nonsense!
  O! liar and hypocrite?
If you were a boy this morning,
  A boy with a heart and soul,
You'd be, in spite of a licking,
  The boy with the fishing-pole.


John Sloan

CORNAYLIUS HA-HA-HA-HANNIGAN.

'Twas the godfather stuttered, or mayhap the priest;
But, be that as it may, it is certain, at least,
That the wan or the other was surely to blame
Fur presintin' the lad the quare twisht to his name.
For there at the christ'nin',
Wid iv'ry wan list'nin',
Now didn't his Riverence, Father O'Flanigan,
Wid nervousness stam'rin',
Bechune the child's clam'rin',
Baptize it "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

Wid these words from the priest, shure, the cute little rogue
Up an' stopped his own mouth wid his chubby kithogue,
An' the dimples broke out an' prosaded to chase
All the tears an' the frowns from his innocint face.
For, faix, he was afther
Absorbin' the laughther
Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flanigan!
Now that's the thruth in it,
An' so from that minute
Shure, iv'ry wan called the lad "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Now, the "ha! ha! ha!" stuck to him close as his name,
For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the same.
Not a care iver touched him from that blissid day
But his gift o' the laughther would drive it away.
Wid jokin' an' chaffin'
He niver stopped laughin',
Or if he did stop he immajiate began agin;
An' iv'ry wan hearin'
His laughther so cheerin'
Jisht j'ined in the mirth o' young "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Shure, the throubles o' life are so palthry an' small
'Tis a pity we let thim disthurb us at all.
There is niver a care but would l'ave us in p'ace
If we'd only stand up an' jisht laugh in its face.
Faix, life were a pleasure
If all had the treasure
Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flanigan;
If all could but borrow
That cure-all for sorrow
Possissed by "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

A NEW PATRIOT.

Ees no so hard for Dago man
To be a gooda 'Merican.
Too dumb, too slow, you theenka me,
But I am sharpa 'nough for see
Da firsta theeng dat you mus' know
Ees how to speak da Inglaice, so
Dat you can wave your hat an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

Eef you are smarta 'Merican
You try for skeen som' udder man,
Baycause you know dat he weell do
Da sama kinda treecks weeth you.
But you are good as heem an' he
Ees jus' so good as you an' me,
So long we all stan' up an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

For land dat I was leevin' een
Da flag ees redda, whita, green.
So alla w'at I gotta do
Ees jus' forgat da green for blue.
I skeen you eef I gatta chance,
But dat ees mak' no deeferance.
I gooda 'Merican, an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

HOUSE AND HOME.

On the day when you were wed,
Seven Junes ago, you said
All your life's ambitions were
Centred in a home with her.
Wealth and health attending you,
All these busy twelvemonths through,
Blessed your life and hers, and yet,
Where's the home you meant to get?

That's your house across the way
With the marble front, you say?
That's your auto standing there
Underneath the porte-cochère.
That prim butler at the door
Very likely lords it o'er
Quite a dozen maids or more;
Maids who toil and maids who shirk,
Maids for menial kitchen work,
Maids who guard with brush and broom
Every richly furnished room,
Every polished oaken stair;
Maids to dress milady's hair—

Maids and flunkies everywhere!
Quite a grand ménage, but, sir,
Where's the home you promised her?

Wealth can rear a gilded dome;
Love and Duty make the home.
Gold is no essential thing
In its proper furnishing.
Not an auto at the door,
But a coach becomes it more—
Tiny coach whose one or two
Occupants resemble you.
Gems of art that grace your hall
You might well exchange for small
Finger-marks upon the wall.
Lisping voices, pattering feet,
Furnish melody more sweet
Than your grand salon has known.
Where's the home you meant to own?
All that lies behind your door
Is a dwelling-place; no more.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THERE's lazy clouds a-driftin'
  In the lazy sky o' June,
An' Nature's just in keepin'
  With this lazy afternoon.
I've strolled out through the meaders
  To this pleasant little nook,
An' I'm loafin' in the shadders,
  An' a-listenin' to the brook.
But I ain't a bit contented—
  Not a bit, an' that's a fac'—
For I can't help a-thinkin'
  Of the long walk back.

The little brook's a-singin'
  Kinder lazy-like an' low,
An' it's mighty cool an' restin'
  Where its crystal waters flow.
An' its singin' charms a feller,
  An' it seems ter say to him
As he's layin' nigh a-dozin':
  "Don't yer wanter take a swim?"
Now there's nothin' I like better
  Than to take a swim, but then
There's the trouble of a-puttin'
  On yer clothes again.

A DIXIE LULLABY.

O! DE sun quit a-shinin' fo' dis arternoon,
De possum in de gum-tree mighty still,
An' de ole San'-Man jump off f'um de moon
W'en hit done come obah de hill.
An' he come erlong totin' a baig full o' san'
Fo' ter frow inter pickaninnies' eyes,
An' he teck dem erway to de sweet slumber-lan'
Fo' ter stay 'twell de nex' sun-rise.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

O! he'll teck yo' up on a bright moon-ray
An' he'll rock yo' on a cloud in de skies,
An' he'll keep yo' dar 'twell de break o' day,
So, mah honey, jes' close yo' eyes;
'Less de moon go down in de far-off west,
An' outer de dahk swamp-lan'
De bad Boogy-Man come out ob he nest
An' skeer off de good San'-Man.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

DA GREATA STRONGA MAN.

You oughta see my Uncla Joe
  W'en he ees gatta mad.
He ees da strongest man I know
  W'en som' wan treat heem bad.
Hees eye eet flash like blazin' coal,
  An' w'en he ope hees mout'
He growla like you theenk hees soul
  Ees turna eenside out.
He eesa gat so stronga den
  An' swell so big an' fat,
Eet gona taka seexa men
  For justa hold hees hat.

You oughta see my Uncla Joe
  W'en he ees mad weeth you.
You bat my life! den you will know
  I eesa speaka true.
He gat so strong eenside of heem
  Eet mak' your hearta freeze,
An' eef he looka at som' cream
  Eet turna eento cheese.

Den you weell run, you bat my life!
So fast as you can go,
An' throw away your gun or knife.
Ha! strong man, Uncla Joe.

* * * * *

You oughta see my Uncla Joe!
Eet w'at you call "surprise."
Las' night beeg Irish ponch heem so
Eet close up bot' hees eyes.
O! my! he eesa looka bad;
Mus' be ees som'theeng wrong,
Baycause w'en Uncla Joe ees mad
He always been so strong.
I guess dees Irish heet his blow
So queecka an' so rough
He no geeve time to Uncla Joe
For gatta mad enough.

TO A WEE COQUETTE.

Wee lady, such a tease thou art
  One may not half believe thee.
I share a corner of thy heart,
  And yet thou wouldst deceive me;
For when I beg thee, little Flo,
  To grant just one caress,
Thy pouting lips make answer: "No!"
  The while thine eyes say "Yes."

Wise men assure us that the heart
  Is mirrored in the eyes;
In thine I read with lover's art
  The truth thy tongue denies.
So thou, my sweet, those eyes must close
  Or yield to my caress,
For though thou speak ten thousand "Noes!"
  Thine eyes still answer "Yes."

THE "OUCHES."

The "Ouches" is the queerest crew
  On earth, or anywhere.
They al'ays live inside o' you
  An' you don't know they're there.
For jist as long as you are nice
  An' good as you kin be
They'll stay as quite an' still as mice,
  Fur they're asleep, ye see.
But sometimes when you git a bump
  'At makes you kind o' mad,
It wakes an Ouch! an' out he'll jump,
  An' 'at's a sign you're bad.

Most Ouches makes your throat their home,
  Or, leastways, one appears
Right there when mother starts to comb
  Your hair or wash your ears.
An' funny thing about 'em, too,
  My mother tells about,
An Ouch can't do no harm in you
  If you don't let it out.
So if you really truly care
  To be the boy you should,
Jist shut your mouth an' keep 'em there,
  An' 'at's a sign you're good.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

I GOTTA lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gona do?

O! Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' O! she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jump up an' dance or eet weell bust.

An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful—but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.
When she ees be som'body's wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!

She never gattin' tired, too—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

O! my! I weesh dat Angela
  Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
  An' looka pretta good.
I gotta lov' for Angela,
  I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
  So w'at I gona do?

FATHER DAN O'MALLEY.

Whin Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to St. Ann's,
There was work in Dublin Alley layin' ready to his han's.
Aye! 'twas work o' sich a nature that no common man could do,
Fur, indade, the only t'acher that the Alley gossoons knew
Was the Divil that was lurkin' in the badness of their hearts,
And it's never aisy wurkin' fur to strive agin his arts.
But although he's cute, fur, shure, it is the Divil's trade to schame,
Ye can trust an Irish curate fur to bate him at his game.
There was little dilly-dally in the layin' out of plans
Whin Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to St. Ann's.

Now, the trouble jisht was layin' in the fact that as a rule
The gossoons thought more of playin' than of goin' to Sunda' school.
Ev'ry plisant Sunda' mornin', faith, ye'd find thim at their game,

Nor could any threat or warnin' make thim feel a sinse
o' shame.
An' of all the little divils that desp'iled the holy day,
The ringleader of their rivels was that rascal, Paddy
Shea.
He could set a top a-spinnin' till ye'd think 'twould never
stop,
An' the marbles he was winnin' would have aisy stocked
a shop.
Not a soul in Dublin Alley 'd won a vict'ry from his han's
Till Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to St. Ann's.

Father Dan was big an' jolly, wid a heart that filled his
chist,
An' a smile that it was folly fur ye tryin' to resist.
Well, it took a bare half-hour of one Sunda' morn in May
Fur to dimonstrate his power over roguish Paddy Shea.
Though the bells had rung their rally to the Sunda'
school, the hall
Showed no lad of Dublin Alley had appeared at all, at all.
Father Dan wint out a-gunnin' fur the rogues that stayed
away,
An' the rascals started runnin', but he captured Paddy
Shea.
Thin it was that Dublin Alley passed from out the Divil's
han's,
Fur Father Dan O'Malley now was curate at St. Ann's.

"Now, me boy," sez he to Paddy, "you're the champeen player here,
So you'll play wid me, me laddie, jisht to make yer title clear;
Is it marbles ye've been playin'? Well, we'll start agin to play,
But you'll bend yer knees to prayin' whin I've licked ye, Paddy Shea.
Come along, you rogue! Your luck'll not avail ye now to win.
Whisht! More power to me knuckle, 'tis the Church's work it's in."
From the very first beginnin' Father Dan outplayed the lad,
An' he wasn't long in winnin' ev'ry marble that he had.
After that the Dublin Alley lads was putty in the han's
Of Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St. Ann's.

So the Sunda' school is crowded to the doors this blessed day,
Fur the lads had lost their marbles to the skill of Paddy Shea,
An' the leader o' the Alley has in turn throwed up his han's
To Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St. Ann's.

CONTENT.

Along about this time o' year,
The while I set a-blinkin'
In the warm sunshine here,
I always git to thinkin'
The old farm ain't so bad a place,
But what I feel some pity
Fur the dumb fools thet's in the race
Fur gold down in the city.
You don't ketch me a-praying God
To better my position.
I only want my fishin'-rod
An' time to go a-fishin'.
I got a shirt, a pair o' pants,
Coat, hat, an' appetite;
I know the fish, an' all their ha'nts
An' when they're like to bite.
An' all the clo'es I want is what
Will keep off chill an' shiver,
While I'm a-settin' in this spot—
The best along the river.
Ketch me a-combin' of my hair
An' wearin' cuffs an' collars!
I wouldn't be a millionaire
Fur seven hundred dollars!

W'AT'SA USE?

W'AT'SA use for gattin' mad
Jus' baycause you feela bad?
You gon' feela worse an' worse
Eef you gona stop an' curse
Evra time ees som'theeng wrong.
You no gotta leeve so long.
Wan, two, t'ree, four year, bimeby,
Mebbe so you gona die.
So ees best from day to day
Maka sunshine weetha hay.
Don't be gattin' mada while
You can hava time to smile.
W'at'sa use?

Padre Smeeth he tal me, too,
Justa like I tal to you.
Wan day he ees say, "Hallo!
W'at ees mak' you growla so?
Evra time you gatta mad
Eet ees mak' Diablo glad.
Justa laugh an' don'ta care,
Den you mak' Diablo swear."
Smila now an' den bimeby
You can smila w'en you die.
Growla now an' you weell yell
Weeth Diablo down een—well
W'at'sa use?

KISS HER.

Say, young man! if you've a wife,
Kiss her.
Every morning of your life,
Kiss her.
Every evening when the sun
Marks your day of labor done,
Get you homeward on the run—
Kiss her!

Even though you're feeling bad,
Kiss her.
If she's out of sorts and sad,
Kiss her.
Act as if you meant it, too;
Let the whole true heart of you
Speak its ardor when you do
Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong.
Kiss her!
Love like this will make you strong.
Kiss her.
You're her husband now, but let
Her possess her lover yet.
Every blessed chance you get,
Kiss her.

Every good wife lets her man
Kiss her.
Be a man then, when you can;
Kiss her.
If you'd strike with telling force
At the Evil of Divorce,
Just adopt this simple course:
Kiss her.

DEAR UNSELFISH DAN.

'Most every one that knowed our Dan
Agreed he was the kindest man
They ever see. He had the knack
Of takin' on his own broad back
The burdens an' the slaps and pokes
Belonged by rights to other folks.
If any one was in distress
An' went to Dan, he'd say: "I guess
We'll pull you out all right; let's see,
Suppose you leave all that to me."

Was nothin' finer than the way
He cared for poor old Uncle Jay,
Who was the most unlucky han'
For havin' trouble with his lan'
'Bout taxes, or the early spring
Plowin', or some other thing
That plumb upsot the poor old man.
Then, in the nick o' time, our Dan
Steps in, and sez, "Don't fret," sez he,
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

It got to be that Uncle Jay
He couldn't git along no way
Without our Dan, an' our Dan he
Jest cared fur him unselfishly.
An' when the old man come to die
Our Dan, o' course, was right close by.
Sez Uncle Jay: "I'm worrit, Dan,
'Bout what's to come of all my lan'
An' all my money out at loan,
An' in the bank, when I am gone."
Then Dan, he ups an' sez, sez he:
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

HER ANSWER.

"Dear Nell," he wrote, "these violets
  I've made so bold to send to you
Shall be my mute ambassadors;
  And each shall tell how deep and true
The sender's love is, craving yours
  For him. What messengers more meet?
Are they not typical of you,
    They are so sweet?"

"Dear Jack," she wrote, "your violets
  Have just this moment been received.
Their message took me by surprise,
  'Twas something scarce to be believed.
I send my answer back with them;
  What fitter messengers for you?
So typical of how you'll feel—
    They are so blue!"

KITTY'S GRADUATION.

Dublin Alley jisht was crazy, jubilation was the rule,
Chewsday week whin Kitty Casey won the honors at the school.
Shure, the neighbors had been waitin', all impatient of delay,
For to see her graduatin' on that most important day.
Eddication is a power, an' we owned wid one accord
Casey's girl's the sweetest flower ever blossomed in the ward,
Whin, wid dress white as the daisy, but wid cheeks that shamed the rose,
We beheld wee Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

Now, this Casey loved his daughther in a most indulgent way,
An' he spent his gold like wather for her graduation day.
Sich a dale of great preparin'! Shure, ye'd think she was a bride;
Sorra hair was Casey carin' for a blessed thing beside.
For whin Casey once comminces, faith, he niver stops at all,
An' he dressed her like a princess at a Coronation Ball.
An' 'twas Madame Brigette Tracy for dressmaker that he chose,
For to fit out Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

Of dressmakers, shure, the oddest was this one that Casey'd got,
For her bill-heads called her "Modiste," though the prices there did not.

"But," sez Casey, "I can stan it for to pay a few more cints,
So jisht go ahead an' plan it, ma'am, raygardless of ixpinse."

"Bong Moonseer," sez she, "I'll try it wid the usual 'savoir fair.'"

"As fur that," sez Casey, "buy it, wid the other things she'll wear."

So ye see the man was crazy for to get the best that goes
For his little Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

J. S.

All the women jisht were itchin' for to see her gettin' dressed,
Some were crowded in the kitchen an' the stairway, while the rest,
The most favored ones, wint rushin' to the livin' room above,
Where stood Mrs. Casey blushin' wid a mother's pride an' love.
"O!" sez she, "'twould be a pity if I couldn't schame an' plan
So that Kitty'd look as pritty as Mag Ryan's Mary Ann."
"Tut! ye needn't be onaisy," sez a neighbor. "Goodness knows,
There'll be none like Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es."

An' there's really no denyin', whin they marched into the hall
Kitty Casey pushed the Ryan girl complately to the wall.
Whin she made her prize oration an' they gave her her degree,
There was sich a dimonstration as ye'll niver live to see,
For the men from Dublin Alley voiced their feelin's in a cheer
Like they utther whin they rally in a Dimmycratic year,
An' of Casey's proudest days he counts that best of all he knows
Which beheld his Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

AN ITALIAN KING.

I AM so good for evratheeng
I oughta be electa Keeng!
Ees no som'body else at all
So strong like me, so beeg, so tall,
An' no som'body else can do
So greata theengs like I can, too.
How mooch you try you no can be
So fina beega man like me.
You bat my life! I oughta gat
A crown for wear eenside my hat,
An' makin' all da style I can,
Baycause I am so granda man.
All dees ees true. Eh? how I know?
My leetla boy he tal me so.

You maka fun weeth me an' tease,
An' call me "Dago" eef you please;
An' mebbe so I what you call
"No good for anytheeng at all,"
An' you weell theenk you speaka true
Baycause eet looka so to you.
Wal, mebbe som' time you are right,
But not w'en I gat home at night.
Ha! dat'sa time dat I am Keeng
An' I am good for evratheeng!
I know; baycause Patricio,
My leetla boy, he tal me so.

DA PRITTA LADY.

Ees playnta reecha ladies com'
  By dees peanutta-stan';
I like to watcha dem, for som'
  Ees looka justa gran'.
Dey got so fina hat an' dress,
  An' evratheeng so clean,
Most any Keeng be proud, I guess,
  For calla one hees Queen.
Beeg Irish cop say: "Looka dat!
  I tal you she's a peach!
Dat's kinda wife a man can gat
  Eef he ees only reech."
I theenk of Angela, my wife,
  An' weesha: "My, O! my,
Eef she like dat, you bat my life,
  I would be satisfi'."

But den I theenk, su'pose my wife
  Was beautiful like dees;
I would be frighten of my life
  To aska her for keess.

I would be scare' to hug her so
  Like w'at I always do
To Angela, baycause, you know,
  She mebbe bust in two.
Baysides, my Angela she gat
  My baby at her breas';
Eet mighta not be lika dat
  Eef she was reech, I guess.
No reecha lady coulda be
  So pritta eef she try,
Like Angela ees look to me,
  So I am satisfi'.

A FROSTY MORNING.

I LOVE these frosty mornings,
When all the outer air
Is tingling with a freshness
And vim beyond compare.

The north-wind in the tree-tops
Proclaims the coming dawn,
And sends the crisp leaves rattling
Across the frozen lawn.

From some adjacent farmyard
A watchful chanticleer,
With raucous, joyous crowing
Assails the atmosphere.

Then, nearer home, a watchdog,
Awakened from his sleep,
Gives voice to his resentment
In tones prolonged and deep.

A wagon, bound for market,
Goes creaking down the road.
I hear the axles groaning
Beneath the heavy load.

The light grows at my window,
And on the pane, I see,
Jack Frost has limned a picture
Of silver tracery.

Now, from the servants' stairway,
Slow feet descend the hall;
And then a kitchen shutter
Bangs out against the wall.

I love, these frosty mornings,
To note these things, and then—
To draw the bed-clothes closer
And go to sleep again.

TO THE GROWLER.

Be patient! Be a Christian and forbear
To objurgate the Weather-man and swear
Because the sting of winter's in the air.
Do you remember
Those days in June, a few short months ago,
Whose scorching heat oppressed and baked you so,
And made you yearn the blest relief to know
Of cool September?
And when September came and in its train
Brought days of frost and days of sodden rain,
Good gracious! how you kicked and growled again!
Do you remember?

Those summer days will soon have come once more,
And you'll forget how bitterly you swore
At all the winter weather gone before.
Will you remember,
When you are sweltering in mid-July,
The flakes, frost-feathered, that were wont to fly
From out the windy reaches of the sky,
This past December?
Meantime, if you should die and you should get
Your just desserts, with O! what vain regret,
These winter days (because they're *cold* and *wet*)
You will remember!

DEESA GREATA HOLIDAY.

Hoorah! for deesa General
  Dat maka Fourth-July!
I sella playnta lemonade,
  Banan' an' cake an' pie.
He maka beezaness for me
  At dees peanutta-stan',
An' w'en I eesa gotta time
  I go for shak' hees han'.

W'en I am com' America,
  Some fallow on da sheep
He tal how deesa General
  He "mak' da Inglaice skeep."
"We don'ta wanta fightin' here,"
  Dees General he say,
"So, Meester Inglaice Fightin'-man,
  You besta go away."
An' den dees Inglaice Fightin'-man,
  He aska heem "For why?"
Da General ees gatta mad.
  "I no can tal a lie,"

He say to deesa Fightin'-man,
"An' so I speaka true.
If you no gatta 'way from here
I tal you w'at I do.
I tie you een a cherry tree,
An' den I tak' my knife
An' feeda you weeth cherry pie
Ees cooka by my wife!"
"O! No!" ees say da Fightin'-man,
An' looka pretta seeck,
"I notta wanta fight weeth you.
I go for home dees week."
Da Fightin'-man he was so scare
He justa run away.

* * * * *

"An' now," ees say de General,
"We maka holiday,
For leetla boys to maka noise
An' eata cake an' pie.
Dees holiday will be da one
We calla Fourth-July."

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

He's a-comin', he's a-comin'!
An' he sets the town a-buzz.
Though they ain't as many of 'im
As what they useter wuz.
He's a-growin' more important
Jest because he's dyin' out.
The G. A. R.'s a-comin',
"Hats off!" along the rout'.

He's a-comin', he's a-comin'!
An' a grateful people tries
To bring the light o' gladness
To the old-time fighter's eyes.
So the old flag waves above 'im,
An' he hears the people shout:
"The G. A. R.'s a-comin',
Hats off along the rout'!"

He's a-marchin', he's a-marchin'!
There's a reminiscent touch
Of his bearin' in the "Sixties"
In the way he slings his crutch,
As he marches ever onward
To the last Great Muster-out.
The G. A. R.'s a-comin'!
"Hats off!" along the rout'.

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Here's a whole ship-load of swate femininity—
Girls of the Sod!
Faith! but I'm glad to be in the vicinity.
Here with me hod,
Mortar and bricks have engaged me this solid day.
O! but I wish I was drissed fur a holiday!
Wouldn't I show ye the taste of a jolly day,
Girls of the Sod?

Let me stand by in this workaday guise of mine,
Girls of the Sod,
O! but the sight of ye moistens these eyes of mine.
Isn't it odd?
Maybe the view of yer solemn processional
Out of the ship, as it were a confessional,
Carries my heart in a tour retrogressional
Back to the Sod.

O! I am thinkin' 'twas jisht a mistake of ye
L'avin' the Sod.
All that is best ye have left in the wake of ye,
There where ye trod
Fields that were full of the swateness that's blessin' ye,
Fresh with the breezes so fond of caressin' ye—
O! but there's many a heart will be missin' ye,
Girls of the Sod!

There ye reaped joy if ye only were knowin' it,
Here 'twill be odd
If what ye're reapin' will pay ye fur sowin' it,
Girls of the Sod.
Arrah! No wonder ye're lookin' so serious,
This is a country to make ye delirious,
Toilin' an' moilin' to serve the imperious
Mammon, its god.

Listen to me an' I'll have the whole crowd of ye
Back to the Sod,
Back to the valleys that love and are proud of ye,
Girls of the Sod!
Ireland needs ye, her love that has girt ye there
Yearns fur ye still an' will l'ave nothin' hurt ye there.
Gold isn't counted like goodness and virtue there,
Thanks be to God!

Still if there's wan of ye bent upon tarryin',
Girls of the Sod,
Did I not mintion the merits o' marryin'
I'd be a clod.
So if ye're needin' the love of a merry man,
Merry but sober, a dacint young Kerry man,
Faith, I could whishper the name of the very man—
Give me a nod!

DA BESTA FRAND.

No keeck my dog! Ha! don'ta dare!
For jus' so queeck you do,
You Meester 'Merican, I swear
I brack your face for you!
Eh? W'at? Well, den, dat's alla right,
But let my Carlo be.
Escusa me for gat excite';
Com', look! I smila! See?
I want be frand weeth you, eef dat
You wanta be my frand,
But Carlo ees bes' frand I gat
Een all dees bigga land,
An' he ees firsta 'Merican
For com' w'en I am blue
An' mak' me feela like man—
I tal eet all to you.

W'en I am com' from Italy,
Jus' landa from da sheep,
Som' thief he tak' my mon' from me
An'—presto!—he ees skeep.

An' w'en I find ees gon', O! my!
I scream, I pull my hair,
An' justa run aroun' an' cry
Like crazy man an' swear.
W'en com'sa beeg poleecaman,
I ask, I beg dat he
Weell catcha thiefa eef he can—
He justa laugh at me!
I seet een street—I am so blue—
An' justa hold my head
An' theenk "w'at am I gona do?"
An' weesh dat I am dead.
Som' peopla com' an' look, but dey
Jus' smile an' notta care;
So pretta soon dey gon' away
An' leave me seettin' dere.
How long I seet I no can tal;
I pray, I cry, I curse—
I bat you eef I go to hal
I no could feel more worse!
But while I seet ees som'theeng sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
I tak' my hand for brush eet off
Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees justa leetla cur
Dat wag hees yellow tail!
An' blood ees on hees yellow fur,

An' dere ees old teen pail
Tied on bayhind. Poor leetla pup!
But steell he leeck my hand,
As eef he say to me: "Cheer up!
I gona be your frand."
I hug heem up! I am ashame'
For let heem see dat he
Ees justa dog, but alla same
Ees better man dan me.

So! dees ees Carlo, Meester Man;
I introduce to you,
Da true. da kinda 'Merican;
Da first I evva knew!

THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS.

'Twas a city sparrow, wise and debonair,
Idly loafing through the country with his mate.
Stupid country birds were building everywhere,
For the nesting-time was growing very late,
But the sparrow, with his lady,
In a tree-top, cool and shady,
Gazed with scorn upon the work and twittered: "Stuff!"
To his mate he chirruped shrilly:
"Isn't all this labor silly,
When a roosting-place at night is quite enough?"

'Twas a motherly old robin, near at hand,
Who was busy at her building with the rest,
And she turned upon the sparrows to demand
How they meant to hatch their eggs without a nest.
"Such impertinence!" half sadly
Said the sparrow; "and yet gladly
I'll impart to you the knowledge that you beg."
Then, with haughty condescension,
He remarked: "I need but mention
That it's possible to obviate the egg."

'Twas a congress of the birds of every sort,
All indignantly assembled to protest
Their displeasure, when the robin made report
Of the threatened abolition of the nest;
And they spoke of it as "awful!"
"Selfish," "scandalous," "unlawful,"
And they prophesied "the country's speedy fall."
But the sparrows, quite disdaining
All this ignorant complaining,
Simply went their way, unmindful of it all.

'Twas a sage old owl, a very solemn bird,
Sat and listened while his feathered fellows fought.
Never once he oped his mouth to say a word,
But he did a lot of thinking—and he thought:
"So the sparrows think it best
To abolish eggs and nest.
Well, perhaps the wisdom isn't theirs at all,
But a plan of good Dame Nature's
To eliminate such creatures.
Let them have their way; the loss is mighty small."

THE MODEST COLLEEN.

If I should sing of "Mary"
  Don't think that that's her name.
My colleen bawn's conthrary
  And doesn't care for fame.
She sez 'twould make her fidget
  To see her name in print,
So I can't sing of—Murther!
  I nearly gev a hint!

She likes to watch me writin'
  A sonnet to her eyes,
In poethry recitin'
  The love that in me lies,
But holds one rosy digit,
  Resthrainin' of me pen,
For fear I'll mintion—Musha!
  I almost wrote it then.

So whin the names of Nora,
An' Nell an' Kate, betimes,
Or Mary, Rose or Dora
Are mintioned in me rhymes,
They mean that modest midget,
That charmin' little elf,
Whose name is—O! I'll l'ave ye
To guess her name yerself.

THE OLD PARISHIONER.

THE graybeard glories in the past
And prates of "good old days."
These times are out of joint, he growls,
And sneers at modern ways.
He shakes his head at every move
That's up-to-date and new,
And everything you do is just
The thing you shouldn't do.
It's: "Mercy save us! Look at that!
We're slidin' back, I fear.
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

"The weddin's now are not as fine
As weddin's used to be,
An', faith, they're not so numerous
At all, at all," says he.

"Then, christ'nin's, too, were plentiful
An' carried out wid style;
'Twould warm your heart to see them there
A-crowdin' up the aisle.
An' sermons! How the crowds would come
To listen! Dear, O! dear,
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

Yet, from a study of the rolls
And records, 'twould appear
The parish claimed but fifty souls
When Father Mack was here.

LEETLA GIORGIO WASHEENTON.

You know w'at for ees school keep out
  Dees holiday, my son?
Wal, den, I gona tal you 'bout
  Dees Giorgio Washeenton.

Wal, Giorgio was leetla keed
  Ees leeve long time ago,
An' he gon' school for learn to read
  An' write hees nam', you know.
He moocha like for gona school
  An' learn hard all day,
Baycause he no gat time for fool
  Weeth bada keeds an' play.
Wal, wan cold day w'en Giorgio
  Ees steell so vera small,

He start from home, but he ees no
  Show up een school at all!
O! my! hees Pop ees gatta mad
  An' so he tal hees wife:
"Som' leetla boy ees gon' feel bad
  To-day, you bat my life!"
An' den he grab a beega steeck
  An' gon' out een da snow
An' lookin' all aroun' for seek
  Da leetla Giorgio.
Ha! w'at you theenk? Firs' theeng he see
  Where leetla boy he stan',
All tangla up een cherry tree,
  Weeth hatchet een hees han'.
"Ha! w'at you do?" hees Pop he say,
  "W'at for you busta rule
An' stay away like dees for play
  Eenstead for gon' to school?"
Da boy ees say: "I no can lie,
  An' so I speaka true.
I stay away from school for try
  An' gat som' wood for you.
I theenka deesa cherry tree
  Ees gooda size for chop,
An' so I cut heem down, you see,
  For justa help my Pop."

Hees Pop he no can gatta mad,
  But looka please' an' say:
"My leetla boy, I am so glad
  You taka holiday."

Ees good for leetla boy, you see,
  For be so bright an' try
For help hees Pop; so den he be
  A granda man bimeby.
So now you gatta holiday
  An' eet ees good, you know,
For you gon' do da sama way
  Like leetla Giorgio.
Don't play so mooch, but justa stop,
  Eef you want be som' gooa,
An' justa help your poor old Pop
  By carry home some wood;
An' mebbe so like Giorgio
  You grow for be so great
You gona be da Presidant
  Of dese Unita State'.

BALLADE OF MODEST HEROES.

I LIKE the historical play
  Whose action is dashing and free,
Whose hero is quick in the fray,
  Yet modest, withal; for, you see,
  True manhood and power should be
With gentleness bred in the bone.
  Such traits appeal strongly to me,
They remind me so much of my own.

I'm also quite willing to say
  A word for the novels, where we
May read of Love's devious way,
  And share in its sorrow and glee.
  I'm right with the lover when he
Has got his coy sweetheart alone.
  His words are familiar to me,
They remind me so much of my own.

And as for the prints of the day
  Which spread over land, over sea,
Reports of all news that they may,
  From a fight to a five o'clock tea,
  I'm fond of them also, perdie!
More deeds in their columns are shown
  That can't help appealing to me,
They remind me so much of my own.

ENVOY.

Ye Writers, of every degree,
  Come, sit at the foot of my throne.
Your heroes' traits clamor to me,
  They remind me so much of my own.

THE "BUILDING INSPECTOR."

When ground is broken on the site
For your new church, some busy wight
Is certain to assume the right
To pose as chief inspector.
He deems it quite the thing that he
Should represent the laity,
And watch the builder's work and see
He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned,
He tells you, and you understand
How good it is that he's at hand
To check some greater blunder.
The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb
Between his finger and his thumb,
And shakes his head and murmurs, "Bum!
Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn,
With mingled pity, grief and scorn,
He goes about on his forlorn
Grim duty of inspection.
But, no, not every Sunday though—
That statement's not exactly so—
Some Sundays you take up, you know,
The building fund collection.

John Sloan
06

THE IRISH BACHELOR.

HERE fur yer pity or scorn, I'm presintin' ye
Jerry McGlone.
Trustin' the life of him will be previntin' ye
Marrin' yer own.
Think of a face wid a permanint fixture of
Looks that are always suggistin' a mixture of
Limmons an' vinegar. There! ye've a pixture of
Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this
Jerry McGlone.
Chris'mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this
Crayture of stone.
Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him,
An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him,
Faix, I belave 'twould immajiate, inside of him,
Change to a groan.

Whisht! now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the throuble wid
Jerry McGlone.
He preferred single life rather than double wid
Molly Malone.
Think of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin'
While there's a purty girl wishful fur marryin'!
Arrah! no wonder the divils are harryin'
Jerry McGlone.

Ah! but there's few o' the race but would scorn to be
Jerry McGlone.
Shure, we all know that a Celt is not born to be
Livin' alone.
O! but we're grateful (I spake for the laity)
Grateful fur women the bountiful Deity
Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gaiety,
All for our own!

TO A PLAIN SWEETHEART.

I LOVE thee, dear, for what thou art,
  Nor would I wish thee otherwise,
For when thy lashes lift apart
  I read, deep-mirrored in thine eyes,
The glory of a modest heart.

Wert thou as fair as thou art good,
  It were not given to any man,
With daring eyes of flesh and blood,
  To look thee in the face and scan
The splendor of thy womanhood.

THE CONQUEST

Last night the winter's rear-guard passed
In utter rout through lane and street;
With faint and fainter bugle-blast
The North-wind sounded the retreat.
Far echoes of the stubborn flight
Crept backward from the distant hill,
Stray stragglers lurched across the night,
But soon were gone, and all was still.
Then vaguely, through the pregnant hush,
The murmur of a marching host
Surged swiftly onward as the rush
Of breakers on a level coast,
Until up-swelled through lane and street,
In swift crescendo thundering,
The drums of Southern rain that beat
Reveille to the waking Spring.

O! glad gray army of the South!
  Our sky is your triumphal arch.
Nor deed of arms nor word of mouth
  Shall here oppose your onward march.
The little children of the North,
  Long captive to the winter's cold,
Impatient yearn to sally forth
  And tread the fields of green and gold.
For, love of life renewed, we greet
  With joy your conquest, welcoming
Invading drums of rain that beat
  Reveille to the waking Spring.

A BOOK NOT "GIVABLE."

I HAVE only poor words to send you in time for this
Christmas Day;
My wonted gift of the season must suffer a slight delay.
Though I had what I felt would please you, I find that it
will not do,
And I needs must wait till the morrow to purchase a
gift for you.

I had you in mind this morning. The thought of you
bade me drop
My daily cares for the moment and hie to the bookman's
shop,
The shop that we haunted so often, down there in the
little back street,
In the days when we slaved together over ledger and
balance-sheet
And squandered our hard-earned pennies for an intel-
lectual treat.
You remember those shelves in the corner where you
discovered your Burns
And I unearthed those treasures of Congreve's, Smollett's
and Sterne's?
Well, there's where I looked this morning in search of a
gift for you,

And I saw what I thought would please you, but I find
that it will not do.

'Twas the title, "She Stoops to Conquer", that arrested
my roving eye,
And the make of the volume pleased me and prompted
me to buy.
So I tucked it away in my pocket, with only a casual look
To the points that are most essential in a thoroughly
"givable" book.
But to-night in my hearthside leisure, ere posting it off
to you,
I imposed on myself the duty to examine it through and
through.
I was rather shocked at the cover, and vexed that I had
not seen
How the russet calf was mottled with mildew-spots of
green.
Then the title-page is rather a trifle the worse for wear,
And it really cost me an effort to read the announcement
there
That the book was "printed for Griffiths," and the smaller
line below:
"To be had of Timothy Becket in Paternoster Row."
I discover the date of the printing is 1774.
Was it after the author's exit, I wonder, or before?
The thought that this book had being in the very year of
his death,

Perhaps in the very hour that claimed his departing
breath,
Makes misty the reader's vision and carries the fancy back
To the times and the haunts of the genius, poet and book-
man's hack.
What phantasies, sweet and tender, out of that golden age,
March by in the time-dimmed type of the quaintly printed
page!

But, pshaw! I am boring you, surely, with this sort of
folderol;
You never were partial as I am to "poor old lovable
Noll."
The book's well enough in its fashion, but it wouldn't be
proper to send
A thing—well—so battered and shabby as a holiday gift
to a friend.
As I told you, the old leather cover is very much mil-
dewed and worn,
And a few of the pages are dog-eared and others are torn.
I thought at first sight it would please you, but I find that
it will not do,
So I needs must wait till the morrow to purchase a gift
for you.
I've only "God-bless-you" to send you in time for this
Christmas Day,
But my wonted gift of the season will follow. Forgive
the delay.

DA MUSICA MAN.

You knowa Giovanni, da musica man?
He playa da harpa, he playa pian',
For maka da mona wherevra he can.
Da stylcesha peopla dey geeve heem da chance
For maka da music for helpa dem dance.
He playa da music so gooda, so gran',
He tal me, da ladies dey calla heem "sweet"
An' geeve heem da playnta good fooda for eat.
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

Giovanni, da musica man, he ees fat,
An' sleepy an' lazy so lika da cat,
So moocha da dreenkin' an' eatin' he gat.
I gotta da music eensida my heart;
I weesh I have also da musical art
For mak' eet com' outa my heart like he can,
An' filla my stomach weeth fooda for eat.
I digga da tranch; I work hard on da street—
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

THE "MODERATE DRINKER."

I HONOR more the merry wight
Who, though he curbs his appetite,
Still takes a social beaker,
Than any Prohibition crank
Who prates about the "water-tank."
I hate a temperance speaker.

So, come, lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

Kind Nature brings her gift of wine
That Thought may glow, that Wit may shine,
And shall we then reject her?
'Tis true the sodden sot's a beast,
But he's a death's-head at the feast
Who will not touch the nectar.

Once more! Lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

What need to men of common sense
Is any "total abstinence"?
There's shimply nothin' to it.
What harm to use th' good ole stuff
If you (hic) shtop when you've enough?
That'sh way that I (hic) do it.

Whoopla! fill up a brimmin' cup
To all (hic) wit t' ushe it.
(Hic) let (hic) be ou' boash (hic) we
(Wow!!) ushe (whoop!) not (hic) 'buzhe it.

DA 'MERICANA GIRL.

I GATTA mash weeth Mag McCue,
An' she ees 'Mericana, too!
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
You weell no calla me so slow
Eef som' time you can looka see
How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.
Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,
She stop by dees peanutta-stand
An' smile an' mak' da googla-eye
An' justa look at me an' sigh.
An' alla time she so excite'
She peeck som' fruit an' taka bite.
O! my, she eesa look so sweet
I no care how much fruit she eat.
Me? I am cool an' mak' pretand
I want no more dan be her frand;
But een my heart, you bat my life,
I theenk of her for be my wife.

To-day I theenk: "Now I weell see
How moocha she ees mash weeth me,"
An' so I speak of dees an' dat,
How moocha playnta mon' I gat,
How mooch I makin' evra day
An' w'at I spand an' put away.
An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
"You theenk som' pretta girl weell try
For lovin' me a leetla beet?"—
O! my! she eesa blush so sweet!—
"An' eef I ask her lika dees
For geevin' me a leetla keess,
You s'pose she geeve me wan or two?"
She tal me: "Twanty-t'ree for you!"
An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
"Skeeddoo! Skeeddoo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keessa me
She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
I s'pose dat w'at she say—"skeeddoo"—
Ees alla same "I lova you."
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
You weell no calla me so slow!

FAINT HEART.

I WONDER if she knows how much
My heart cries out for her dear heart.
I wonder if she's felt the touch,
The joyous thrill, the bitter smart
Of Cupid's dart.
I wonder.

I wonder what she'll say to me
When I have told my tale to-night.
O! will it be my fate to be
Transported to the sun-kissed height
Of sheer delight?
I wonder.

I wonder if I'll tell my tale
At all! I've often tried before.
By Jove! I feel my courage fail,
And here, a timid mouse once more,
On past her door
I wander.

DA LEETLA BOY.

Da spreeng ees com'; but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

I no can count how many week,
How many day, dat he ees seeck;
How many night I seet an' hold
Da leetla hand dat was so cold.
He was so patience, O! so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet;
An' all he evra ask ees w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.
Wan day, wan brighta sunny day,
He see, across da alleyway,
Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere
Ees raise her window for da air,
An' put outside a leetla pot
Of—w'at-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
So smalla flower, so leetla theeng!
But steell eet mak' hees hearta sing:
"O! now, at las', ees com' da spreeng!

Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.
So, too, I am grow warm and strong."
So, lika dat he seeng hees song.
But, ah! da night com' down an' den
Da weenter ees sneak back agen,
An' een da alley all da night
Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white,
An' cover up da leetla pot
Of—w'at-you-call?—forgat-me-not.
All night da leetla hand I hold
Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

BALLADE OF FAMILY NAMES.

Change is the order in man's estate,
Times have changed and the customs, too;
Everything now must be up-to-date,
Things old-fashioned will never do.
Even the names that our fathers knew—
Jonas, Zachary, Zebedee—
Fashion adjures us we must eschew.
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Patronymics with frills ornate,
Out of the roots of the old names grew.
"Kathryn" cooed in the arms of "Kate,"
"Hugo" lisped at the knees of "Hugh."
Nursery walls of the wealthy few
Rang with titles of high degree,
All affecting the blood that's blue—
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Greater changes have come of late;
Even these new names fade from view.
Wife and husband no more debate
Titles fitting their infant crew.
Even the infants lie perdue.
"Fido," "Rover" and "Tige"—Ah! me,
These are the names that the maids halloo.
What will the names of To-morrow be?

ENVOY.

Man, it is sad, but alas! it's true,
Fashion's killing your family tree.
If but a little bark's left to you,
What will the names of To-morrow be?

DA STYLEESHA LADY.

I TAL you w'at, you oughta see
Carlotta, dat's my girl, w'en she
Ees feex' for holiday. I guess
You nevva see sooch styleeshness.
She gotta yallow seelka skirt
Ees look so fine you theenk ees wort'
'Bout twanty dollar, mebbe more,
Eef you gon' buy eet een da store.
So, too, she gotta purpla wais'
Dat's treem' weeth pretta yallow lace,
An' beega golda breasta-peen
Ees steeckin' ondraneat' her cheen.
Eh? Wait, my frand! On toppa dat
She got da beega redda hat
Weeth coupla featha, brighta green,
An' whita rosa een baytween.
Da redda, whita, green, you see,
Ees lika flag of Italy!

Ha! w'at you theenka dat for style?
Ah! yes, my frand, eet mak' you smile;
You can eemagine, den, of me,
How proud I smile w'en first I see.
You can baylieve how proud I feel
For walkin' out weeth her; but steell
I gatta—w'at you call—"deestress"
Baycause for all dees styleeshness.
You see, w'en she ees look so sweet
I 'fraid for let her on da street.
I justa feela scare' dat som'
Beeg reecha man ees gona com'
An' see how styleesh she can be,
An' steala her away from me.

ALMOST.

"THERE stands the parson's house," he said.
The maiden hung her modest head,
Lest he who thus was moved to speak
Should note the blush that dyed her cheek.
The moonlit fields, the sky above,
Were mutely eloquent of love;
And love surcharged the ambient air
Breathed in by this young rustic pair.
With beating hearts, across the road,
They saw the minister's abode.
The study lamp a welcome gleamed,
And, through the summer twilight, seemed
Inviting them to near the door.
"There stands the parson's house!" Once more
His fervid thoughts broke forth in speech.
Then silence, thrilling each to each,
Surrounded them and held them mute.
Far-off they heard an owlet hoot

"To whit! to woo!" The maiden's heart
Was warm for him, but hers the part
To modestly await the word
That she in fancy oft had heard,
And which, instinctively she knew,
Was trembling on his tongue. He, too,
Was conscious of his own love's strength,
And meant to speak. He said, at length:
"There stands the parson's house, and there—"
His hand a-tremble cleft the air—
"Is where it used to stand!" And then
He led her down the road again.

CAREY, THE KILL-JOY.

If ye iver see Timothy Carey
  Jisht trust to the speed o' yer heels.
Take warnin' from Malachy Cleary—
  That's me, an' I know how it feels
If ye're bint on revivin' yer nature
  Wid innocint pleasure, me boy,
Get out o' the way o' this crayture—
  His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

Now, wan day whin I sat at me dinner,
  Wid hunger enough an' to spare,
In walks this same gloomy ould sinner
  An' leans on the back o' me chair.
"Come an' jine me," sez I; "I'd be hatin'
  Mesel' fur the glutton I am
To deny ye this taste o' good 'atin'—
  'Tis luscious b'iled cabbage an' ham!"
"Man alive! are ye crazy?" sez Carey,
  An' frowns in his soberest way,

"Shure an' have ye furgot, Misther Cleary,
That this is a fasht-day th'-day?"
An' wid that the ould joy-killin' sinner
Jisht turned on his heel an' wint out,
An' he left me me illigant dinner
Like ashes, stone-cowld, in me mout'.

'Twas a sin o' me, bein' forgetful;
I should have remimbered the day,
But I couldn't help feelin' regretful
To see me feast fadin' away;
For 'twas not for me soul's sake that Carey
Shpoke up, but 'twas jisht to annoy.
'Tis his nature that's mane an' conthrary—
His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

A LESSON IN POLITICS.

I NO care for gattin' meex'
Een dees Ceety politeecs.
I no gatta vote, an' so
I no weeshin' mooch to know
W'eech side right an' w'eech side wrong;
I no bother mooch so long
Dey no bother mooch weeth me—
I jus' want do beez'ness, see?

I no like poleecaman
Com' to dees peanutta-stan',
Like he do most evra day,
Jus' for talka deesa way:
"Wal, my frand, I tal you w'at,
Politeecs ees gattin' hot.
Don't you mind all deesa queer
Talka 'bout da 'Graft' you hear.
Notheeng een eet!" (Here he tak'
Bigga pieca geenger cak'.)
"Dees 'Reforma' mak' me seeck!
Sucha foolish theengs dey speak!

All dees 'graft' ees een deir eye."
(Now he taka pieca pie.)
"I been een dees politeecs
Seexa year an' know da treecks,
But I tal you I ain't met
Any kinda grafta yet."
(Here he taka two banan'.)
"Evra publeec office man
Worka for a salary
Jus' da sama lika me.
We no want no more dan dat—
Jus' contant weeth w'at we gat."
(Den he tak' weeth botha hand
Som' peanutta,) "So, my frand,
Don't baylieva all dees queer
Talka 'bouta 'graft' you hear."

Nutta, caka, pie, banan',
All for wan poleecaman!
Mebbe ees no "grafta"—say!
W'at ees "grafta," anyway?

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

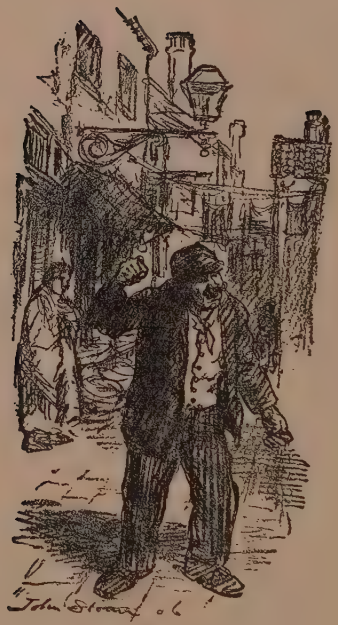
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
  Red berries hath the holly.
Remember, all ye modest girls,
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
And when it hangs above your curls,
  Away with melancholy!
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
  Red berries hath the holly.

Since mistletoe is hard to find,
  We do not need it, Mollie.
O! do, I beg of you, be kind;
Since mistletoe is hard to find,
Pretend that you are color-blind
  And kiss beneath this holly.
Since mistletoe is hard to find,
  We do not need it, Mollie.

THE IRISH NATIONAL BIRD.

Good luck to the Aigle, America's bird,
That stands for the land o' the free!
Faix, I'm not the wan to be sayin' a word
That'd ruffle its feathers. Not me!
I'm proud o' the bird as I'm proud o' the land,
An' glad to be under its wing,
But there is another bird aiqually grand
Whose praises I'm wishful to sing.
Now let ye not pucker yer face wid a smile,
'Tis soberest truth that we've got
A national bird in the Emerald Isle
That's aisily king o' the lot!

Aye! "national bird." He is certainly that.
Though others may claim him at times,
He's busiest most wid the fortunes of Pat
At home an' in far-away climes.
An', faix, 'tis the Irish that love him the best
An' welcome his favors the most;
The man's not true Irish that has him for guest
Widout feelin' proud to be host.
He seeks out the Irish raygardless of place—
At home or abroad in New York—
So here's to the National Bird of the Race!
Here's "hip, hip, hurrah!" for the stork!



HANDICAPPED.

Eef I could talka 'Merican
Like w'at I can Italian,
So stronga langwadge eet would be
You would be scare' for joke weeth me.

Een Italy I am so queeck
For theenk of sassy theengs to speak,
W'en som' wan makin' fun weeth me,
Dat nexta time dey let me be.
Da professori from da school
Som' time was try for mak' me fool;
Ah! wal, dey find, you bat my life,
My tongue ees sharpa like da knife.
So, evra wan was 'fraid weeth me
W'en I am home, een Napoli.
But een New Yorka Ceety here
Ees deefferant; an' eet ees queer!
Da streeta keed, so tough, so small,
He ees no scare' weeth me at all.
He talk to me so sharp, so queeck
My tongue ees gat too twist' for speak;
He mak' da face an' laugh, an' den
Ees gat me tangla up agen.
W'en he ees two, t'ree blocks away,
I theenk of som'theeng sharp to say
Dat mak' heem stop from be so tough—
Eef I have say eet queeck enough.

Wal, mebbe eet ees better so,
Baycause eef sucha keed could know
How sharpa tongue ees een my head
He be so scare' he droppa dead!

BALLADE OF THE POOR TOURIST.

At home or in far-away climes,
Wherever the tourist may stray,
He must look to his quarters and dimes
To keep them from melting away.
One hates to appear like a jay,
So into his pocket he dips,
Such scorn do the servants display
For the fellow who never gives tips.

The magnate, the maker of rhymes,
The "poor devil author," and they
Whose money-bags jingle like chimes,
Are marked as legitimate prey.
Have little or much as you may,
The food and drink passing your lips
Claim toll. O! the outlook is gray
For the fellow who never gives tips.

We need a reformer at times,
  A man of true courage, to stay
Society's foibles and crimes,
  And keep us from getting too gay;
  One needs to be brave to say "Nay"
To the porter who handles his grips,
  So there really is something to say
For the fellow who never gives tips.

ENVOY.

Good Fellows! We grumble, but pay,
  Like lords, for our holiday trips.
But come, let us twine a bouquet
  For the fellow who never gives tips.

THE FIGHTING RACE.

I've been readin' the papers
And watchin' the capers
Of Russian and Jap on the land and the sea.
And it's got me to guessin'
Why some names is missin'
That should be conspickyus where fightin's so free.
Shure! where are the Reillys,
The Caseys and Kileys,
And all of the rest of the Macs and the O's?
There was never real fightin'
Or wrongs to be rightin'
But some o' thim byes 'd be strikin' their blows.

Now the longer I ponder
The struggle out yonder,
Where the Jap and the Russian are flirtin' wid Fame,
The more I'm decidin'
The Irishman's hidin'
Behind the quare front of a haythenish name.
If ye read of "Patriski"
Or "Michelkomiski"
Ye will know they're not Russian at all, if ye're wise,
And the Jap "Tomohara"
Or "Teddimagara"
Are simply good Connaught men there in disguise.

PADRE DOMINEEC.

Padre Domineec McCann
He ees great beeg Irish man.
  He ees growla w'en he speak,
Like he gona go for you
Jus' for busta you in two.
  My! he talk so rough, so queeck,
You weell weesha you could be
Som'where elsa w'en you see
  Padre Domineec.

Padre Domineec McCann
Stop at dees peanutta-stan'
  W'en my leetla boy ees seeck;
Talk so rough he mak' me cry,
Say ees besta boy should die
  So he go to Heaven queeck!
He ees speak so cold to me
Nevva more I wanta see
  Padre Domineec.

Den gran' doctor com'. Ees queer!
W'en I ask who sand heem here,
  He jus' smile an' weell no speak
Only justa for to say:
"You no gotta cent to pay,
  I gon' feex dees boy dat's seeck."
O! beeg-hearta man, an' true!
I am gattin' on to you,
  Padre Domineec!

A FANCY NICOTIAN.

TIME was, my love, ere you came as queen
To this bachelor heart of mine,
I bowed to the princess of Nicotine,
Who dwelt in an amber shrine.
And there, when I willed, her heart glowed red
And her languorous spirit rose,
And my soul followed where her soul led,
Away from the world of prose,
To a world rerisen from out of the shade
Of ages passing belief,
Where she was again a Delaware maid
And I was a Huron chief.

* * * * * * *

I had made a journey to seek her hand,
I had come from the inland seas,
Far down to the Big Salt Water's strand
Where clustered her tribe's tepees.
And thither I brought a hundred pelts
Of the beasts my arm had slain,
And beaded garments and wampum belts,
That my love-quest be not vain.
Then her people said: "It is meet indeed!
The eagle shall mate with the dove."
O! their little hearts they were drunk with greed,
But hers was big with love.

When into my hand she slipped her own,
And our souls thrilled each to each,
My full heart clogged my throat like a stone
And robbed my tongue of speech.
But faith burns fervid and hope is high
In the heart of a loving maid,
And reading but joy in her lover's eye
She follows him, unafraid.
Beasts of the forest there were, and men,
To harry our path with strife,
But her love gave me the strength of ten.
We were masters of love and life.

* * * * * * *

All this, my love, was before you came
To brighten this life of mine.
But still I dream when the touch of flame
Enkindles that amber shrine;
And the fragrant spirit of Nicotine,
In circles my head above,
Discloses ever the self-same scene,
The picture of world-old love,
That world rerisen from out of the shade
Of ages passing belief;
But now it is *thou* art the Delaware maid
When I am the Huron chief.

UN LAZZARONE.

So lazy man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli.
You no could mak' heem work at all;
Een Napoli he w'at you call
"Un lazzarone"; dat'sa "bum."
No gotta job, no gotta home,
No gotta weesh for maka mon',
But jus' for seetin' een da sun.
So lazy, good-for-notheeng, O!
Da worsta wan ees deesa Joe.
You say "Gelato, Joe?" to heem—
"Gelato" ees da same "ice-cream"—
He ope' hees eyes a leetla beet
Baycause he ees so fond of eet,
An' den he ope' hees mout' so wide
An' wait for you to put eenside.
He weell no tak' da deesh of cream,
But so you gona feeda heem!
So lazy man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli!

I no can tal how eet should be,
But deesa Joe he cross da sea
An' com' Noo York las' Fall, you know,
W'en evratheeng ees ice an' snow.
Ees nevva so disgusta man
Like Joe Baratt' w'en he ees lan'.
O! my! he sheever, shake an' sneeze,
An' he mus' dance for keep from freeze.
So lively man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli!
An' now he work for stevedore
Like w'at he nevva do bayfore,
Baycause he needa mon', so he
Can gat back home een Napoli,
For sleepin' een da sunshine w'en
Da weenter-time ees com' agen.
So lively man you nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli.

BEDFELLOWS.

Ain't no one so glad as me
When they's lady-company
Comes to visit us an' stay
All that night until it's day.
Ain't much sleepin'-room at all
In our house—it's made so small—
But my Pa he'll always 'low
We kin "double-up somehow."
'Nen when all my prayers is said
Ma she tucks me into bed
'Way 'way over on one side.
'Nen I feel real satisfied
To be sleepy an' to go
Right spang off, because I know
When I wake fust thing I'll see
Will be Pa in bed with me.

'Nen for fun! I tell you what,
'At's the time I have a lot.
I jist crawl on Pa an' shake
His ole head till he's awake.
Fust he'll lay real still an' play
He's asleep an' goin' to stay.
'Nen he'll raise up in the air,
Growl an' cut up like a bear
Come to eat me up, an' I
Laugh an' squeal an' yell. O my!
We jist run things, me an' Pa,
Havin' lots o' fun, till Ma,
In the next room, sez: "You boys
Best git dressed an' quit that noise."
I wisht every night 'at we
Might have lady-company.

THOSE DIRTY LITTLE FINGERS.

From the moment he could stand alone and toddle
Across the bed-room floor from chair to chair,
There was never any respite for his mother;
He was getting into mischief everywhere.
There were somersaults distracting down the stairway
And tumbles off the sofa, to be sure,
And the bumps he got were really quite terrific,
But none a mother's kisses couldn't cure.
He'd a most plebeian fondness for the kitchen,
Whose precincts were his favorite retreat,
And the coal-hod held for him a fascination,
For he seemed to think its contents good to eat.
But the thing that caused his mother's greatest worry
And made her ply her house-cloth o'er and o'er,
Was his subsequent invasion of the parlor
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

How the whiteness of the paint was desecrated
By those dirty little digits every day;
Though his weary mother wept and begged and scolded
He pursued the even tenor of his way.
It was evident that he was only happy
When his fingers held their share and more of dirt;
And the only thing he loathed was soap and water,
And O! my goodness gracious! how that hurt.
But it hurts us now to contemplate the cleanness
Of everything about this quiet place;
All the finger-marks that used to mar the wood-work
Have disappeared, nor left the slightest trace.
For the last of them were wiped away last summer,
Glad summer that is gone forevermore!
We are lonely, Lord, and hungering to see him,
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

Sunday Times

DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN.

I, MYSAL', I feela strange
  Een dees countra. I can no
Mak' mysal' agen an' change
  Eento 'Merican, an' so
I am w'at you calla me,
  Justa "dumb ole Dago man."
Alla same my boy ees be
  Smarta younga 'Merican.
Twalv' year ole! but alla same
  He ees learna soocha lot
He can read an' write hees name—
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He no talk Italian;
  He say: "Dat's for Dagoes speak,
I am younga 'Merican,
  Dago langwadge mak' me seeck."
Eef you gona tal heem, too,
  He ees "leetla Dago," my!
He ees gat so mad weeth you
  He gon' ponch you een da eye.

Mebbe so you gona mak'
  Fool weeth heem—an' mebbe not.
Queeck as flash he sass you back;
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He ees moocha 'shame' for be
  Meexa weeth Italian;
He ees moocha 'shame' of me—
  I am dumb ole Dago man.
Evra time w'en I go out
  Weetha heem I no can speak
To som'body. "Shut your mout'."
  He weell tal me pretta queeck,
"You weell geeve yoursal' away
  Talkin' Dago lika dat;
Try be 'Merican," he say—
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

I am w'at you calla me,
  Justa "dumb ole Dago man;"
Alla same my boy ees be
  Smarta younga 'Merican.

NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL.

They've gone away! It seems a year,
Aye! weeks of years, since they were here;
And yet it was but yesterday
I kissed them when they went away,
Away from all the scorching heat
That grips this brick-walled city street.
And it was I who bade them go,
Though she, dear heart, protested so,
And vowed I'd find no joy at all,
Nor any peace, in Bachelor's Hall.
I laughed at that, but she was right;
I never knew a sadder night
Than this, while thus I tread, alone,
These silent halls I call my own.
I never thought this place could change
So utterly and seem so strange.
The night is hot, and yet a chill
Pervades the house; it is so still.

I miss the living atmosphere
That comforts me when they are here;
I miss the sigh, long-drawn and deep,
The music of refreshing sleep,
That undulates the gentle breast
Of weary motherhood at rest.
And in the unaccustomed gloom
That shrouds the small adjoining room
I miss the moans, the muffled screams,
Of childhood troubled in its dreams.
And is this all? Nay! more I miss
The strong, heart-thrilling joy, the bliss
Of warding, with protecting arm,
Between these precious hearts and harm.

O! sing your song, all ye who roam,
Your wistful song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
But, though unhappy is your lot,
You will not find a sadder spot
In all the world than Home, when they
Who make it Home have gone away.

THE INDOMITABLE CELT.

Although the joy's denied to me
  This blessed "Patrick's Day"
To be where I would wish to be
  And whistle Care away,
My mem'ry lives within me still;
  So I may close my eyes
And fancy I can feel the thrill
  Of spring from Irish skies,
And make myself believe to-day
  I'm off with my colleen
To Clogher's, where the pipers play
  "The Wearing of the Green."

It's cold and drear in this far land,
  And winter's skies are gray,
And there's no sign that spring's at hand
  This drear St. Patrick's Day.
But though no shamrocks brave the air
  Of this new home of mine,
I've found a bit of green to wear—
  This sprig of Northern pine.
So I'll be joyful as I may,
  And dream of my colleen
And Clogher's, where the pipers play
  "The Wearing of the Green."

DA FAM'LY MAN.

I AIN' gon' gatta mad so queeck
Like w'at I use' to do.
I gon' geeve up dees ogly treeck
Of speakin' swear-words, too.
An' now w'en com'sa bada keed
For call me "Dago!"—wal,
I ain' gon' do like w'at I deed
An' tal heem "gotohal!"
Eef som' one com' for makin' fool
Weeth me, I show dem how
I jus' can smile an' keepa cool—
I gon' be good man now.

I am too prouda man to-day
For wanta swear an' fight,
An' I no care w'at bad keeds say
For makin' me excite'.
So eef som'body com' an' try
For makin' fool weeth me,
I justa gon' be dignifi'
Like fam'ly man should be.
Las' night da doctor bring my wife
A baby girl. Dat's how
I am so proud. You bat my life,
I gon' be good man now!

DA FIGHTIN' IRISHMAN.

Irishman he mak' me seeck!
He ees gat excite' so queeck,
  An' so queeck for fightin', too,
An', baysides, you nevva know
How you gona please heem. So
  W'ata deuce you gona do?

W'en I work een tranch wan day
Irish boss he com' an' say:
"Evra wan een deesa tranch,
I no care eef he ees Franch,
Anglaice, Dago, Dootch or w'at,
Evra wan he musta gat
Leetla pieca green to show
For da San Patricio.
Dees ees Irish feasta day.
Go an' gat som' green!" he say,
"An' eef you no do eet, too,
I gon' poncha head on you!"
So I gat som' green to show
For da San Patricio.

Bimeby, 'nudder Irishman
He ees com' where I am stan',
An' he growl at me an' say:
"W'at you wearin' dat for, eh?
Mebbe so you theenk you be
Gooda Irishman like me.
Green ees jus' for Irishman,
No for dumb Eyetalian!
Tak' eet off!" he say, an', my!
He ees ponch me een da eye!

Irishman he mak' me seeck!
He ees gat excite' so queeck,
An' so queeck for fightin', too,
An', baysides, you nevva know
How you gona please heem. So
W'ata deuce you gona do?

THE WEDDING GUEST.

WHENEVER you're a wedding guest
Be jolly as you can,
Endeavoring your level best
To be a "funny man."
Don't get the notion in your head
That you were bidden there
To see an earnest couple wed,
And merely wish the pair
All peace and joy along the way
That they have just begun.
O! no, be gay! Remember, pray,
A wedding's simply fun.

A bride and groom are often prone
To take a sober view
Of life and duties like their own,
And so it's up to you
To counteract this sense of gloom
With your peculiar mirth.
So just bombard that bride and groom
With jokes for all your worth.
Displeasure they, of course, may show
At some things that are done;
Don't mind them, though; they ought to know
A wedding's simply fun.

You may begin by throwing rice
And shoes, and after that
An ancient egg or two are nice
And come in very pat.
Of course their carriage should be decked
With placards weird and queer;
To this the bridegroom may object,
But bang him on the ear!
If after that the silly wight
Should still kick up his heels,
Explode a stick of dynamite
Beneath the carriage wheels.
This move will take them by surprise,
If it is neatly done,
And surely make them realize
A wedding's simply fun.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

W'EN Gran'-pa takes me on his knee
I'm jist as glad as I kin be;
'Cause he's the bestest friend I got,
An' in his pockets they's a lot
Of candies, sugar-cakes an' things
Like dear ole Gran'-pa always brings.
An' he'll say: "Now, my little dear,
Let's see w'at's in this pocket here;"
And I put in my hand and take
Some candy out or else some cake.
'Nen Gran'-pa laughs, an' so do I;
He'll play he's s'prised an' say: "O! My!
I wonder how that got in there,
Now w'at do I git fur my share?"
I laugh, an' climb right up an' kiss
Him where his tickly whiskers is.
He hugs me tight, an' sez: "Oho!
Here's jist the goodest boy I know."
An' I am good as I kin be
W'en Gran'-pa takes me on his knee.

When Papa takes me on his knee
I ain't so glad as I might be.
He ain't as nice as Gran'-pa wuz,
For he don't do like Gran'-pa does.
He on'y does it w'en he's mad,
An' w'en he sez I'm awful bad.
He don't like Gran'-pa's "carryin's-on."
Fur onct w'en Gran'-pa'd been an' gone
He told Ma: "Say, it drives me wild
The way your Pa jist sp'iles that child,"
An' 'nen he maked a grab fur me
An' upside-downed me on his knee,
An' says, "Now if it's in the wood
I'll see if I can't make you good."
An' w'en Pa let me off his knee
I promised him how good I'd be.

DA STYLEESHA WIFE.

Giuseppe, da barber, ees catcha da wife!
O! my, you weell laugh w'en you see w'at he gat.
She gotta da face ees so sharp like da knife—
He say "ees no styleesh for face to be fat."
Her fingers, so skeenny, ees notheeng but bone;
You 'fraid dey weell bust w'en you go for shak' han'.
He say: "Dat'sa sign she ees vera high-tone',
She no gotta han's like two bonch da banan'."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

Giuseppe he tal me I no ondrastan'
Da 'Merican lady so gooda like heem;
He tal me hees wife ees da "swell 'Merican,"
An' looka so styleesh baycause she ees "sleem."
I tal heem da "styleeshness" notta so good
For keepa da house an' for helpin' her mooch
To nursa da baby an' carry da wood.
He say: "I no care eef she nevva do sooch."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME.

Ain't berry menny people w'at'll listen to a niggah,
Or 'low dey's enny sense in w'at he say,
But I gwine to gib de 'sperience ob mah feelin's, an' I figgah
Dat dey's quite a smaht ob people t'inks mah way.
W'en a man begins a-shoutin' 'bout de good t'ings dat he's missin',
Kickin' kase dey ain't no fo'tune in his job,
Let 'im go home to his kitchen, an' set down a while an' listen
To de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

De rich man kin inhabitate a palace ef he wishes,
Wif chiny-war' an' pictuahs on de wall,
An' kin lay on velvet sofers an' eat off'n golden dishes,
But I wouldn' swap mah kitchen fo' it all.
Fo' hit wouldn' seem laik home to me, but 'ceptin' I could listen,
A-puffin' at de backy in mah cob,
While de good Lawd seemed a-speakin' ob a home-like kind o' blessin'
Frough de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

TO THE ATHEIST.

Say! you gat to hal weeth your talk!
I gotta da troubla my own.
You please me by taka da walk—
I wanta for seet here alone.
Eh? W'at? Yes, I s'pose I am dumb,
An' so you no maka me wise
No matter how moocha you com'
For tryin' to open my eyes.
Jus' s'posa my eyes dey are blind—
So blind like you theenk dem to be—
More beautiful theengs dey can find
Dan w'at you are able to see.
You want I should tal you da sight
I see w'en I seet here alone?
You wanta for see? Alla right,
I geeve you my eyes for your own.
Com', look! dere is beautiful girl,
So sweeta, so good an' so true;
Ah! you are a keeng of da worl'
To know dat she smila for you.

Now, see! she ees geevin' her han'
Forevra da wifa to be
To "no-good-for-notheenga" man—
Dat no gooda man, eet ees me!
Now—presto!—da peectura change.
Da beautiful girl eesa gon';
Da man ees look olda an' strange
An' he ees jus' seettin' alone.
But steell you can see weeth hees eyes,
So blind, like you say, an' so dumb,
An angela up in da skies
Dat smila an' wait teell he com'.
You sneer; you no gotta belief.
You tal me we die an' we be
Like dogs, an' you com' lika thief
For steala my faitha from me.
Wal, even eef you no be dam,
An' eef w'at I see ees no true,
I radder be dumb like I am
Dan wisa beeg foola like you!

AT HOME.

At home to-night, alone with Dot,
I loaf my soul and care not what
In worlds beyond may come or go.
Four walls, a roof, to brave the snow,
Suffice to bound this Eden spot.

Dot has her sewing things; I've got
My pipe, a glass of something hot
And Dot herself. The world's aglow,
At home to-night.

As lovers in some golden plot
The poet weaves of Camelot,
We feel apart from earth. We know
The servant in the hall below
Will say to all who call we're not
At home to-night.

TO AN OLD LOVER.

THERE is silvery frost on your hair, old boy,
  There are lines on your forehead, too;
But your clear eyes speak of the peace and joy
  That dwell in the heart of you.
For the passing of youth you have no regret,
  No sighs for the summer gloam
And the lovers' moon. They are with you yet
  In the light of the lamp at home.

In your summer of youth, in that sunny hour
  That will come to you never again,

When you wooed your love as the bee the flower,
The sweets that you gathered then
You have hived and stored for your later life,
And your heart is the honeycomb—
Ah! I've seen your face when you kissed your wife
In the light of the lamp at home.

O! you rare old lover! O! faithful knight,
With your sweetheart of long ago.
You are many days from the warmth and light
Of the summers you used to know;
But you need not yearn for the glamor and gold
Of the fields you were wont to roam—
O! the light for the hearts that are growing old
Is the light of the lamp at home.

TREASURE-TROVE.

THERE's a letter come this minute
From across the boundin' sea,
And it has a treasure in it
That delights the soul of me.
Not a shinin' bit o' gold
Does this blessed letther hold,
But a priceless gem as ancient as the world is old.

'Tis meself, to-morrow mornin',
Will be proud to let ye see
This most precious gem adornin'
Of the Sunday hat of me.
'Tis a little sprig o' green
Of the sort I've often seen
My grandfather wearin' in his ould caubeen.

Then here's to the trefoil,
An' may it grow in free soil
That knows not the dominion of a Saxon King or Queen;
The Shamrock of old Erin!
That the patriot's still wearin'
Where the whole world may see it, in his ould caubeen.

THE LITTLE BOY.

The little boy Jack was a Jack o' Hearts,
For every one loved the lad,
And the birds from near and foreign parts
Were some of the friends he had.
The man in the Moon was his friend at night.
When little Jack's prayers were said,
And his doting mother had dimmed the light
And cuddled him up in bed,
He'd lie and talk to his friend in the skies
Through the casement open wide,
And ask if the stars were not the eyes
Of good little boys who had died.

O! the Moon-Man laughed at this odd conceit
Of his little boy friend on earth,
And the wee stars, clustered about his feet,
Just winked at his childish mirth.
But once when the moon rose over the hill
And shone on the cottage wall,
The birds in the neighboring trees were still
And a gloom hung over all.
Then the Moon-Man wondered much of Jack,
And he pondered it o'er and o'er,
Till he saw two stars in the sky at his back
That he never had seen before.

A SONG TO ONE.

If few are won to read my lays
And offer me a word of praise,
  If there are only one or two
  To take my rhymes and read them through,
I may not claim the poet's bays.

I care not, when my Fancy plays
Its one sweet note, if it should raise
  A host of listeners or few—
    If you are one.

The homage that my full heart pays
To Womanhood in divers ways,
  Begins and ends, my love, in you.
  My lines may halt, but strong and true
My soul shall sing through all its days,
    If you are won.

DATE DUE

THE KING'S LIBRARY
3000054612